

# THE JEWISH TIMES.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS.

VOLUME I. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1880. NUMBER 14.

## Poetry.

### AFTER THE FUNERAL.

Never any more,  
Till my broken dream of life  
Is swallowed up in death:  
Shall I look upon my wife!  
I prayed that she might live,  
But my prayers could not save:  
For here I am alone,  
And she is in the grave.

It seems an age to me  
Since I saw the coffin there;  
The lid was off, and lo!  
The face within the square—  
A pale, but happy face—  
Sweet lips without a breath:  
How beautiful in sleep,  
How terrible in death!

I lifted up the child,  
In her little mourning gown,  
But she turned away her eyes  
Until I put her down.  
They took the coffin out  
In the blinding light of day;  
The black hearse moved on,  
And the coaches crept away!

We stood around the grave  
While the hollow prayers were said,  
And the heavy wet earth  
Was shoveled on the dead.  
As it struck the coffin-lid  
With a dull and dreadful sound,  
It seemed to strike my heart—  
They led me from the ground.

But all is over now,  
And it almost soothes my pain  
To think, whatever comes,  
She cannot die again!  
The blow has fallen—I know  
The worst that death can give;  
The worst of life's to come,  
For I must learn to live!

What must I do to live?  
I will play my part—  
Ply my subtle brain,  
Forget my stricken heart;  
Go again on "Change,"  
Buy, and sell, and scheme;  
Fit my ships for sea—  
Anything but dream!

I know the day will pass,  
In the stir and light,  
But how can I endure  
The coming home at night?  
No watching at the pane,  
No meeting at the door,  
No loving wifely kiss—  
No Alice any more!

—R. H. Stoddard.

### A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW.

I seek the mart, and see how men  
Burn with the lust of gold,  
And souls, like doltish sheep and swine,  
Are daily bought and sold.  
My heart is sick with shame, my head  
In weary doubt I bow,  
And only ask, "Will it be thus,  
A thousand years from now?"

I walk the filthy streets  
Where herd the wretched poor,  
And note what meagre ghosts of men  
Pass by the day's toil o'er.  
I read the tragedy that's writ  
On many a livid brow,  
And wonder, "Will there be such scenes,  
A thousand years from now?"

I stand where Fashion holds her court,  
And haughty beauties shine,  
And scented foppings leer and lip,  
And quaff the sparkling wine.  
I see troths plighted void of love,  
And hear the listless vow—  
Will shame like these encumber earth,  
A thousand years from now?"

I enter where the frigid prayer  
Falls heavy to the ground,  
And formal sermons hard and smooth,  
Give forth their hollow sound;  
Where drowsy worldliness ne'er hears  
The fearless *It is thou!*  
Will it be thus, O brethren mine,  
A thousand years from now?"

I seek the Senate, where the air  
Is fierce with Faction's broils,  
And men are paid to bandy words,  
And scramble for the spoils.  
With party first and country last—  
I leave it, asking how  
"Will be in legislative halls,  
A thousand years from now."

I wander o'er the battle-field,  
And hear the moans of pain  
That rise from those who fell beneath  
The cruel iron rain.  
I bind up gaping wounds, and cool  
The fever-tortured brow,  
And cry, "O Lord, will such things be,  
A thousand years from now?"

A calm voice answers: "Be of cheer!  
The Lord still reigns, and He  
Who made the world can care for it,  
And make it glad and free.  
Wait patiently upon His will,  
All time is His, and thou  
Shalt see how fair this earth will be,  
A thousand years from now."

"All is not dark; through broken clouds  
The strong sun pours its ray,  
And tells of realms of light and calm  
Where smiles the perfect day.  
Let hope, not doubting, be thy guide,  
And then thou wilt see how  
There well can be a better world,  
A thousand years from now."

"All are not false, all are not hard,  
All are not vain and cold,  
All are not foolish, giddy moths,  
All do not worship gold.  
God hath His own, whose sturdy knees  
Will ne'er to Baal bow,  
The prophets of a nobler age,  
A thousand years from now."

Up, up, true souls, and do your work  
In such a hope as this.  
The world is brighter, better far  
Than all poor faint-hearts wish.  
For God is God, and man His child—  
What more, then, needest thou  
To know there'll be a happier world,  
A thousand years from now."

—Christian Leader.

## OUR SCHOOLS.

BY HENRY M. FISKE IN "THE CALIFORNIAN" FOR JUNE.

Schools are like vineyards, full of weeds and obnoxious plants, unless cultured and trimmed in a thorough manner. Vineyards will not produce good fruit unless the vines are thoroughly cultivated, and the germs or species of a desirable character; so schools must be full of good words and works. The laborers must be full of zeal and efficiency.

The schools of San Francisco are the product of many years of the thought and experience of wise and able teachers. They struggled hard and almost hopelessly against indifference, superstition and calumny. They are the natural outgrowth of a high standard of excellence adopted by a few. Defects they are, and defects they were. But the mass of the schools are such as the mind of the public has made them. There is a savor of self-sufficiency in our often iterated statement that they are the best on the continent. In fact, they are not. They are better than they would have been had the indifference of the public, the cold-heartedness of many of the clergy, and the supineness of the parents, been allowed to have full sway in their foundation, development and growth. Schools are just what the community is; they reflect the public mind—i. e., the best of the general thought. The schools of this city are far in excess of the average citizen's mind, so far as regards their usefulness and utility. Mistakes there are, and mistakes there will be, in all matters, political, financial and otherwise. And yet, with all this, our schools have gradually gone on from small beginnings, from infantile spasms, through childhood and almost middle age, till they stand to-day without a rival on this coast for their efficiency and worth. Where thousands of dollars have been expended, thousands—nay, millions—have been returned to the public in the shape of honest, influential minds, trained and drilled thoroughly in the life-work of the individual, state, and world. Many proofs of this present themselves, too many for enumeration. Among our ablest and best citizens—lawyers, doctors, ministers, mechanics and laborers—are those who graduated from their public schools, who dived deep into their literature, and received the noblest inspirations from those fountains which are yet pouring forth, continually, sparkling waters to enoble and refresh the soul and satisfy the innate cravings of the heart. These are a part of the results of our schools. But how little has been done and said, how little known of the deep and hidden reservoirs which have been stored for future use and influence in the world of letters and arts. We should not be fulsome in regard to our own, but should be just. How many are there, who first saw the light on Barbary Coast or Tar Flat, who thank God for the influences they received at our public schools, who feel and know that they have been made wiser and better by the benign and savory influences there thrown around them, that led them to higher and nobler objects and desires in life! Multitudes there are who can recite this story, and recite it truthfully.

Our schools then are good, have done a good work, and are entitled to their reward. But could they not have done better? Are they not capable of better things to-day? I believe they are.

To recur to our simile: Schools, like vines, to be fruitful, should be well trimmed. They should show no defects of organization, no running of sap, no abrasion of bark, joints not too near the earth or plowed surfaces. All things should be in order for the greatest possible development of fruit. How can this be done? Not by constant meddling with this thing or that; but by such a systematic course of pruning and training as will bring the young vine up to its fullest bearing capacity without injury to the parent vine. So with the schools. Pare them when the pruning will benefit the little ones who dwell within their influences. Forsooth, because the vine bears forbidden or unhealthy fruit this year, pluck it not up, but give it yet a little longer lease of life. May be it will redound to the honor and glory of the vineyard in after days. So with the school tree; many parts want trimming, many changes made to insure efficacy and force. But the great improvements must first be made among the rootlets—the primaries. Quincy method or no Quincy method, the mind can receive only a given number of ideas at a given time, and these ideas, inferences, or solutions must be of such a nature and character as will make a permanent, lasting impression on the soft and ductile mind of the child. That there is no more ground to harrow is an exploded idea; and that there are no more or better methods by which ideas can be shot into the minds of the young than those now in use, is also an exploded idea. Methods are as thick as sparrows on an English common. All these methods speak volumes for themselves. There is the Hareton theory, which flourished in England and Central Europe many years since, and which was but a reproduction of the methods of the Middle Ages, and was much like that now in use in the schools of the Chinese Empire. The pupil is compelled to re-

peat in the loudest tone of voice the words of his lesson as recited by the master. The child is expected to remember the subject-matter, and firmly fix the same in his mind, or the birch, vigorously administered, is the remedy. Another system, much in vogue in the seventeenth century by the monks, who were the school-masters of those days, was to write with the stylus on sheets of wax the subject-matter as given forth by the teacher, the wax then being immediately glossed over. Another method was to repeat, in loud tones of voice, the first word or sentence of each line or paragraph, and leave the scholars, or victims rather, to guess at the completion of the sentence. Thousands of systems have risen and fallen, some better and some worse than the specimens I have mentioned. But they have all tended toward improvement—each in succession was a little better than that which preceded. They were all well in their way; but they failed utterly to accomplish what schools ought to accomplish, by virtue of the inherent principle of right which rests in them, and is part and parcel of all their glory, purity and sublimity. Schools, then, are true to the teachings of experience and the right. They are utterly absurd and truthless when they assume more than they can accomplish, and dictate the forms that intellectual instruction shall embrace in its antagonistic influence with ignorance and superstition. Schools were in Turkey centuries ago, yet Turkey is not an educated land. When John Sobieski was disputing the advance of the Grand Turk into Central Europe, and all Central and Western Asia was overrun by the barbarous hordes of Genghis Khan, schools without limit were established wherever their armies gained a foothold; and science and letters, as by them understood, were spread broadcast. Education flowed in rivulets, mixed with the blood of the slain. It was education as circumscribed by tradition and superstition. The Buddhist hordes, in their turn advancing or retreating, shook the earth with their tread; and each successfully established schools and colleges for the propagation of its peculiar philosophy and belief, sowing broadcast among the conquered, pamphlets of vellum, tablets of wax, parchments, read by the few, but listened to by the many. Heralds, marched and counter-marched, teaching and preaching, not only religion, but politics and philosophy, making deep impression on the public mind; and from these wayside assemblages and contending hosts came the myriad of songsters, story-tellers, and speakers that for years were the only vehicles for enlightenment of the masses.

Common schools arose and flourished from the necessity of the case. People wanted instruction. They would have it. Hence, schools arose and gave forth the balm necessary to enrich and restore the mind to its natural and healthy condition. Schools are a necessity, and nowhere is this more felt than in the large cities. That they should be thorough and effective, none will deny. How shall this be done? Simply by simplifying them—bringing them nearer to the people, to their homes, their influences, and their desires. One great drawback to the efficiency of our common schools is the lack of confidence, or more properly the lack of interest, parents feel in them. They send their children day after day, week after week, to school, taking it for granted that all is well, without as much as inquiring into their condition, knowing where they are, or what influences are surrounding them. If we are to have good schools, parents must take an interest in them, must know them, feel for them, give the teachers their sympathy and influence. And above all, the schools should be removed from the possibility of political interference. Our common schools, like our University, should be placed above the reach of partisanship.

HENRY M. FISKE.

### Tell Your Mother.

I wonder how many girls tell their mothers everything. Not those "young ladies," who, going to and from school, smile, bow and exchange notes and pictures with young men who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame if they heard it. All this, most credulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they will gaze at your fresh young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter what "other girls do," don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish, wretched young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtations. Render yourself truly intelligent. And above all, tell your mother everything. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidante, all you think and feel. It is strange that many young girls will tell every person but "mother" that which it is most important that she should know. It is sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughter than she does herself. —Fanny Fern.

## Reforms and Ancient Faith.

The Rev. H. P. Mendes delivered a sermon at the Shearith Israel synagogue, New York, Saturday, 8th inst., in which he discussed "Orthodoxy and Reform." We quote a portion of the discourse as follows:

A prominent reform minister here disclosed to me that he would insist upon the Abrahamic covenant as the *sine qua non* of Judaism. As for mixed marriages, the slender probability of the children and grandchildren preferring any but the religion of the parent professing the predominant (the Christian) faith, when both have equal claims on him, opens at once a fatal prospect for Judaism in that family. As for changing the Sabbath to Sunday, it will be a distinct challenge to the God who declared "My Sabbaths shall ye keep," not any or a Sabbath, but "My Sabbaths," while the institution of Sunday services is a compromise as dangerous to our faith as it is demonstrative of our flocks' want of zeal for Judaism, and which, no wonder, gives ground to Christians to recognize in the step another and a great stride toward our being practically amalgamated with them, absorbed by them, and to congratulate themselves upon the fact that their toleration has accomplished in less than one hundred years a greater lessening of the bonds of our attachment to our faith than their oppression effected in more than one thousand. Of the elimination of Hebrew from the prayer book, I will remind you that in days when there were no such facilities as we now enjoy of having handy German and English translations—in the days of the men of the great synagogue, who were the compilers of our best prayers to be found in the German and Portuguese ritual, those gifted and earnest men wrote them in Hebrew, ay, and in pure Hebrew. Though the people in those days—children of Jews who had intermarried—spoke a jargon and "could not speak in the Jews' language," as the Bible says, and though it was necessary to employ a public interpreter at the public religious services for the reading of the law, why did the officiating minister not read at once in the vernacular, and save the trouble and weariness of translating if it was not held to be desirable and necessary to preserve our holy language as the language of our worship? No wonder an Einhorn spoke disfavoring the radical policy of his predecessors; but of him over whom the earth has closed so recently, it is not well to speak so soon of his life's work, since its effect must first be measured. But pervading the whole of this subject there seems to be an echo heard over and again, now sounding with resonant power, now merely whispering; and it is this, that all the action that has taken place was rendered necessary to permit a Jew to do his duty as a citizen in the highest sense—that is to fill the places of honor and State responsibility if his intelligence should be sufficient. It is true, as Holdheim said, that we are citizens of the nation to which we attach ourselves politically, but it does not follow that we must cry with him, "away with the marriage laws," and so forth; nor must we insist as he did upon the dangerous and fatal course of transfer of Sabbath, mixed marriages and the other innovations which we have already noticed. Let us answer this German by another German who towers on high an intellectual giant, to whom succeeding generations shall look with deferential respect and profound admiration. I mean Professor Graetz, who quotes the life of John Neireld "as a conclusive proof that a Jew can combine the highest devotion to the interests of the State with a scrupulously orthodox observance of his religion," and reviewing history from ages mediaeval, from a Negrelia, and a Kalonymos to ages modern, when a Jessel, the Master of the Rolls, officiates as parnas in an orthodox synagogue; when we know a Sir Moses Montefiore, world-beloved and world-honored philanthropist; members of Parliament, such as an Arthur Cohen, just elected a representative of an orthodox synagogue; a Nathaniel de Rothschild, also just elected, not only representative, but also warden of that synagogue which is the very stronghold of orthodoxy in London—then we can recognize the full force of the grand truth Professor Graetz expressed when he penned that sentiment. No, friends, those Jews who, faithful to their religion, are most likely to be most faithful to interests entrusted to them, those who honor God most in their own private lives, are most likely to honor His laws of rectitude in public career. Those who scoff at Him, and trample upon the religion He gave us are the most likely to treat human institutions as lightly as they treat divine. Let us be true to Israel's faith, and here in this country a monument of Jewish enterprise, culture and learning shall be raised which shall far outshine in magnificence those which, warning landmarks in our world journey, once stood on the plains of France and graced the lands of Andalusia.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and, if we observe, we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them. —Socrates.

## ORTHODOXY AND REFORM.

DISCOURSE BY DR. K. KOHLER IN THE TEMPLE BETH-EL—A REPLY TO REV. H. P. MENDES.

His recent lecture on Geiger, Holdheim and Einhorn, having received a sharp criticism from Rev. H. P. Mendes, which is published in another column of THE TIMES, called forth the following discourse by Rev. Dr. Kohler, Saturday, May 15; in defence of reform in a sermon on "Naomi and Ruth, or Orthodoxy and Reform." He began by describing the two womanly figures presented in the idyllic book of Ruth—the one an elderly widow, betraying former beauty and stateliness, but now forsaken and destitute, depressed by woe and sorrow; the other fair and graceful, inspiring her mother-in-law with new hope and courage, the very image of kindness and friendliness. Naomi's fate, he said, is the fate of orthodoxy. Its bright days are gone. Its greatness lies far back in the past. Its waits for a miraculous restoration of Jerusalem's glory when, along with the temple and the priesthood, all the old Biblical laws on the sacrifice, Levitical purity and others will again be fully restored. But while longing back to the Holy Land it can hardly enjoy the light and freedom of the new era which proved so destructive to the observance of the law. Hence, like Naomi's life is embittered. Of reform there are two kinds. The one is inconsistent and insincere and like Orpah, the sister-in-law of Ruth, ready at any emergency to turn her back to Judaism and its mission. Genuine, true reform is sincere and devout like fair Ruth. It means not destruction and mere negation, but regeneration of the ancient faith. Desirous to rebuild and to revive, it tears down only that which is rotten and decaying. Like Ruth, it cheers and brightens up its old mother, faithfully clinging to her and working for the realization of her almost renounced hopes for the future. Not the abrogation of any law and custom, but the replacing of more inspiring and appropriate forms makes the true reformer. Not he who merely discards and cut off antiquated prayers for the restoration of the Jewish temple and State which no one utters any more with sincerity, but he who offers new, soul kindling forms of devotion, outpourings of the heart which touch the innermost core by their lofty thought and deep sentiment deserves the name of a reformer. No credit is given to him who takes away the Sabbath, hallowed by the memory of thirty-three centuries, but to him who gives it back to us in its pristine glory, with its double bliss of elevation for body and soul. Reform, he said, does not believe in authorities, Orthodoxy does, and if the rabbinical or even the Mosaic laws have lost their hold even on orthodox rabbis and congregations they desire to have some God to lead them, some professor to whose words they swear, be he ever so inconsistent and insincere, ever so sceptical about the authenticity of the books of Moses, ever so radical in his attacks against the reverend casuistic authorities of orthodoxy, if he but rails at the leaders of reform in the most insulting and abusive manner he becomes a giant to their pigmy eyes.

All due regard to sincere venerable orthodoxy, that would not for all the world trespass upon any rabbinical statute or change any inherited form of worship because it beholds in each letter of the Bible and Talmud a verbal communication of God Almighty, and in the Jewish dispersion not a blessing and a realization of the Messianic promises, but a curse and a punishment for Israel's disobedience to the law of God. Such consistent belief in tradition and custom must be honored even by those who cannot share it. But hypocrisy, with its great pretensions and thorough rottenness, adopting from reform everything convenient and popular as confirmation, indifference as to the Biblical laws about Levitical purity, and denouncing every reform measure as non-Jewish because it is new and bids fair to become a success—hypocrisy, which from mere party policy desires to outdo the Talmud in scrupulousness by declaring that an uncircumcised child of Jewish parents is not a Jew, and thinks a service and lecture held on another day but the Sabbath is unlawful, or that prayers uttered in the vernacular when not understood otherwise are displeasing to God, and similar unwarrantable assertions must be fought to the last. Reform Judaism intends abolishing neither the Sabbath, nor the Hebrew in the Synagogue, nor the extinction of the Abrahamic covenant, nor do conscientious reformers approve of mixed marriages. What is dead cannot be raised to life again. Orthodoxy is melting away in this country like the snow before the sun of spring. But the time is drawing near when it will bless reform as Naomi did Ruth for having offered new life and hope to despairing Israel.

Reason gives its suffrage to the truths which revelation has discovered. But it is our mistake to think that, because reason confirms them to us, we had the first certain knowledge of them from thence, and in that clear evidence wherein we now possess them. —Locke.

## Gathered Treasures.

Strong reasons make strong actions.—*Shakespeare.*

No sword eats so fiercely as an evil tongue.—*P. Sidney.*

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

To have ideas, is to gather flowers; to think is to weave them into garlands.

"A fool's heart is in his tongue; but a wise man's tongue is in his heart."—*Quarles.*

It was George Herbert who said a handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning.

Human strength and human greatness Spring not from Life's sunny side; Heroes must be more than driftwood Floating on a waveless tide.—*Anon.*

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. Recompense to no man for evil.

Prayer is the pulse of the renewed soul; the constancy of its beat is the test and measure of the spiritual life.

Our life is like Alpine countries, where winter is found by the side of summer, and where it is but a step from a garden to a glacier.

There are strings in the harp of every life, which though covered with dust, give out music when the wings of truth stir the air.

Hope is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to heaven and bearing our prayers to the throne of God.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A cannon-ball passing through a four feet bore, receives its direction for the whole range. So the soul, in childhood, receives its direction for eternity.

How many minutes a week do you spend thinking about God? When engaged in work which occupies your hands, but keeps your minds free, about what do you think?

The Bible, diamond-like, casts its lustre in every direction. Torch-like, the more it is shaken, the more it shines, Herb-like, the more it is pressed, the sweeter its fragrance.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, nor with a fire-work that will end in smoke and darkness. Get something that is worth keeping and that you can keep.

The mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up weeds or flowers.

One crack in the lantern may let in the wind to blow out the light; one leak unstoppered will sink the ship and drown all on board; one unguarded point will cause ruin of character; one sin cherished will destroy the soul.

For when a good man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
For light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the hearts of men.

If thou desire to see thy child virtuous,  
let him not see his father's vices; thou canst not rebuke that in children that they behold in thee; till reason be ripe, examples direct more than precepts; such as thy behavior is before thy children's faces, such commonly is theirs behind their parents' backs.—*Quarles.*

### Bright Things.

WHERE there's a will there's a won't.

Why is a book like a king? It has many pages.

THE mustache is above talking, but not above thinking.

WHY is a counterfeit note like a bar of iron? It is forged.

WHY is food in the mouth like seven and nine-tenths? Is it almost ate (eight).

PLEASURE is the mere accident of our being, and work its natural and most holy necessity.

"THE conscience suspender" is advertised. Perhaps it owes its name to its extreme elasticity.

THE fool clamors that he is as wise as the sage, and the sage shrinks from saying that it is not so.

THE man or woman who never grows old about the weather, says an exchange, is greater than he who taketh two cities.

A PHILADELPHIA paper says, that a well-regulated household ought to keep a dog for the head of the family to swear at.

"Don't be afraid," said a snob to a German laborer; "sit down and make yourself my equal." "I would haff to blow my brains out," was the reply of the Teuton.

"What is the most frequent cause of celibacy in woman?" asks a contemporary. Their inability to get husbands, we should say.

ENTHUSIASTIC youth on horse-car—"That star over there is Mars." Unsympathetic driver—"Is it? Then the other one, I suppose, is pa's."

DIANA locks are the names of new bangs introduced into fashionable circles. They are called after the arrow goddess, because they quiver when a beau comes around.

"If I punish you," said mamma to her little girl, "you don't suppose I do so for my own pleasure, do you?" "Then, whose pleasure is it for, dear mamma?" answered the child.

# The Jewish Times

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY ON FRIDAYS

By The Times Publishing Company.

S. BACHRACH, Editor.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE.

Per annum, \$5.00  
Per month, 50 cts.  
Articles intended for publication must be accompanied by the writer's name and address. Communications for insertion should be addressed to the Editor JEWISH TIMES; all others to The Times Publishing Company, 331 Kearny street.

THE JEWISH TIMES is for sale at I. N. Choyne's, 34 Geary street, Levin & Son, 830 Market street, and "The Baldwin" News Stand. Price fifteen cents a copy.

AGENTS FOR THE JEWISH TIMES.

Herbert Baldwin, Stockton, Cal.

Sat. San Francisco, Friday, May 28, 1880.

As interesting article on Our Schools, from the pen of Henry D. Fiske, published in *The Californian*, for June, can be found on our first page.

THE Young Men's Hebrew Association of Philadelphia, has issued circulars proposing a union of all kindred institutions. The purposes of such a union are briefly set forth in the circular, to which we will give a more extended notice in our next.

An abbreviated report of the Executive Committee of the New York Young Men's Hebrew Association, published today, will afford instructive reading to all who interest themselves in such institutions.

The respective advocates of Reform and Orthodoxy, will find in our columns the opinions of two prominent New York Rabbis upon the subjects. The discourses of Rev. H. P. Mendes and Rev. K. Kohler, give a brief, though unprejudiced presentation of the issues which divide our people.

Now that the Confirmation services are over, and the necessary exercises attendant thereupon, probably our ministers will deem that their worn-out frames, and strained nervous systems require both rest and change, as a preparation for the duties they will be called upon to undertake during the ensuing year. Doubtless they will devise means during their leisure hours, to endeavor to improve the tone and morale of the religious services, so as to induce a larger portion of our community to attend divine worship. We trust that their labors will not be spent in writing flowing and flowery compositions, that not only weary, but create a dislike in their intelligent listeners. Rather let us hope that by throwing aside that spirit of jealousy and egotism that seems rampant among them, they will, by uniting together in communion, remove the causes of complaints now heard on every side.

THE PRACTICE of publishing the productions of others, without giving due credit for the same, has never been countenanced by us, as it should be condemned by all honorable journalists. In fact, so jealous are we of the rights of others, that we frequently credit journals for items which from their character, belong to no individual newspaper, nor are the acknowledgments rendered vague by initials, which are calculated to mislead, but are full, and as generous as we are capable of rendering to the sources whence we draw. We consequently regret that a recent omission on our part, subjected us to the following gentle chiding from one of our most valuable exchanges, *The American Hebrew*. It says:

"We are ever pleased to be of assistance to our cotemporaries, and our news columns are always at their disposal. But when our esteemed cotemporaries show their good literary taste in reprinting addresses we have been at the pains to report, it is but proper that their source should receive credit. This is apropos to Dr. Kohler's lecture in some of our Golden Gate cotemporaries."

At first glance we were not inclined to believe that the reprint had any reference to us, but after consulting our files we must concede that we are among the culprits.

The graceful manner in which our attention has been called to the subject, almost forbids us from reminding *The American Hebrew*, that in the issue which published the above extract, it omitted to credit THE JEWISH TIMES with the account of Chas. De Young's funeral, which we took the "pains to report."

Next Monday will be observed as Decoration day. It will be a legal holiday, and many will have leisure to observe the day, who might not otherwise have time for thinking of all that it signifies. Fifteen swift years have winged their flight since the close of the mighty war which has made our generation forever memorable. It seems to us but yesterday that we were in the midst of the conflict; and yet there are now few left in our pub-

lic schools who can remember the closing scenes, even, of the great conflict. Henceforth the story of the war will be, for the young much like any other part of our national history, unless special pains are taken to impress its scenes, aims and issues upon their minds. Toward making such an impression a fit observance of Decoration day will largely tend. We therefore favor all such expenditures of time, thought and means as shall make the day signal—keeping always within the limits of good sense and good taste.

"Killing the goose that lays the golden egg." That is what stage-drivers and hotel-keepers do when they charge tourists and travelers exorbitant rates. Here in San Francisco we have as good and as cheap hotels and boarding-houses as can be found in any large city. But when tourists come to travel through the State—when they go to the Geysers or the Yosemite, or in many other ways—they too often discover that the business of many with whom they deal is to get just as much of their money as possible, often for a poor return. They are thus angered and disgusted, and will not only never come again themselves, but tell their friends and acquaintances to stay away. Thus we lose a large amount of very lucrative travel. A great many complain that no money is in circulation, times are hard and business is dull. Well, times will be harder if we demand old-time prices, and if we fleece and abuse those who come to see our grand mountains and most beautiful valleys. An article like that in the *Argonaut* of last Saturday, insulting the Boston party now on our coast, is well called, by a writer in the *Bulletin*, "an outrage." Californians know Pilex, and care very little for his ridiculous caricatures; but strangers may well be surprised and hurt when a paper, which professes to have some position and influence, pitches into them so shamefully. Good breeding, as well as good policy, would seem to suggest a different line of conduct. The writer in the *Bulletin* well says: "Switzerland is a barren country, comparatively insignificant in manufactures, but entertaining something like a million guests annually, during her season of only three months. She thereby supports herself during the whole year, and it is computed that each traveler need leave but \$20 in the country to make her wealthy and prosperous. The Switzerland of America lies this side of the Rocky Mountains. Shall we try to attract the wealth and prosperity that travel brings to every country, or shall we drive it from our doors?"

Last Sabbath morning excursion trains from both this city and Santa Cruz, by way of the South Pacific Coast narrow gauge railroad, took a large number of people to the picnic grounds at the Big Trees, just beyond Felton. The San Francisco train arrived a little past one o'clock, and it is estimated there were then over 1,000 people in the grove. At half past 3 o'clock p. m., a train consisting of three open or platform cars, with railings at the sides and ends, and containing a large number of passengers, variously estimated at from 125 to 300, left the Big Trees for Santa Cruz. When going down a steep grade of 126 feet to the mile, and just after passing through a tunnel, and when rounding a sharp curve at a very rapid rate, two of the cars jumped the track. The passengers were thrown out over the car-railing against a bank, striking which they were hurled back upon the track to be run over by the rear car, which remained upon the track. Such is an account, more or less correct, of the way by which sixteen were killed and about forty injured. Some of these will probably die of their injuries, and others will be crippled for life. The killed and wounded were taken to Santa Cruz, not far distant, where everything was done that could be done under the circumstances, by the kind, hospitable people of that pleasant seaside town. But no amount of attention could prevent the pains and groans of the wounded, or restore the ghastly dead to life again. This was a terrible accident, one of the most destructive to human life ever known in the railroad history of our country. What were the causes of this terrible slaughter?

If young women would extract the greatest possible happiness out of life, says an old writer, let them never exchange the pleasures of their own social circle, humdrum though they may be, for the society of bright young men who can give them suppers and invite them to balls, drives and excursions. This is wholesome advice, and we commend it to the young women who are looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to enjoyments of the kind named during the next few months. Men whose intentions are honorable woo girls at their homes and not by stealth and in out-of-the-way places—unless the old folk interfere.

## Local Lines.

ARCADIAN CLUB Picnic, Sunday, June 6th, at Belmont.

CLASS-DAY at the University of California, Tuesday, June 1st.

The commencement exercises of Clark Institute, will be held this evening at 8 o'clock.

COLUMBIA LODGE, I. O. O. B. B., will hold their annual picnic at Badger's Park, Sunday, July 11th.

The members of the Montefiore Club will entertain their friends next Wednesday evening, at B'nai O'rith Hall. It will, no doubt, be a great social success.

Mr. E. DEUTSCH will lecture before the Young Men's Hebrew Association next Tuesday evening upon the subject, "My Trip to the South African Diamond Fields."

THE Byron Club Picnic will be held next Sunday at Belmont. The special train will not stop at Twenty-sixth street, and persons residing in that section of the city, will govern themselves by this announcement.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, held on Wednesday evening last, Dr. S. S. Kahn was unanimously elected to the post of Financial Secretary, vice Mr. L. D. Magnes, resigned.

MR. NATHAN DREYFUS, formerly of Shreveport, La., celebrated his fiftieth birthday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. I. Netter, 923 Geary street, last Sunday evening. Quite a large number of friends were present, and a very enjoyable evening was passed amid music and dancing.

THE Ladies' Hebrew Benevolent Society have made arrangements for a picnic in aid of their funds. This charity needs no eulogy, and should receive the unsolicited encouragement of all who sympathize with the unfortunate and needy. No direct appeal will be made by the ladies of the above society, but they hope that the objects for which they are influenced to hold the picnic, is sufficiently eloquent to attract a very large attendance at Pine Grove Park, Alameda, Sunday, June 13th.

A MEETING of the graduates of the Boys' High School was held Wednesday evening at the Palace Hotel, for the purpose of forming an "Alumni" association. A temporary organization was effected, and a committee appointed to draft a suitable constitution and by-laws. Resolutions were passed condemning the proposed action of the Board of Freeholders in abolishing the High Schools, and earnestly advocating their perpetuation.

We understand that the first of a series of lectures by Mr. H. D. Woolfe, subject, "China and the Chinese," will be delivered on Tuesday the 15th proximo, at the rooms of the Young Men's Hebrew Association. Mr. Woolfe having spent many years in China, his familiarity with the language, customs and peculiarities of the celestial Empire, eminently fit him to deal with the subject he has selected.

Among those killed by the railroad accident near Santa Cruz last Sunday, was our personal friend Mr. Louis Falk of that town. He was a man of many sterling qualities, frank, generous and unselfish; his friendship was not an empty bauble nor a hollow sounding title. We grieve at his sudden taking off, and to his afflicted wife we offer our sincerest condolence in her bereavement. The funeral took place last Tuesday in this city, and the deceased was buried with the honors of the various fraternities with which he had been connected.

THE following is a list of Jewesses, forty in number, who graduated last Thursday from the Girls' High School.

Ada Altschuler, Hannah Alexander, Sarah Blumenthal, Eugenie Bloch, Esther Breslau, Bertha F. Caro, Esther P. Craner, Emma Dahlmann, Eva L. D'Ancona, Rose M. Englander, Theresa L. Feintuch, Henrietta Fleischman, Fannie M. Franklin, Belle D. Gump, Clara G. Heller, Lena Kohlman, Isabel Leiber, Mary E. Leon, Rebecca Livingston, Eva Livingston, Esther Levy, Lizzie Levy, Hattie E. Levy, Sophie Loewe, Bertha A. Maas, Esther Marks, Jessica B. Peizotto, Bella Prag, Alice Regensberger, Eliza Rich, Sarah Reinstein, Phoebe Seaburg, Annie Sheidman, Dora Silverstone, Selma S. Solomons, Rachel M. Strauss, Kate Sutro, Essie Van Collom, Sarah Van Straaten.

Miss Lizzie Levy read an essay entitled "Incomplete," Misses Rebecca and Eva Livingston enlivened the exercises by singing a duett which was happily rendered.

MR. AND MRS. GUSTAVE BAUM celebrated their silver wedding last Sunday, at their hospitable residence 1715 Larkin street. Guests began to arrive at 4 p. m., and it soon became evident that the spacious rooms would be filled with

friends who assembled to do honor to the bridal pair. Many tasteful and valuable presents were received. An arbor had been constructed for the occasion, which was beautifully decorated, and the tables to which the guests were invited fairly groaned with the most tempting viands. Sentiments congratulatory to Mr. and Mrs. Baum, were proposed and happily responded to. Rev. Dr. A. J. Messing recited the history of the bridal couple, and added some choice thoughts for the occasion. The hall was subsequently cleared, when dancing begun, and continued to early morning, interspersed with a *soiree magique* by the renowned Carl Hertz. It was a delightful evening for all who were present.

ON SUNDAY last, Miss Jennie Levy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Levy, of this city, was married to Mr. Herman Morris of Visalia, the ceremony being solemnized by Rev. H. Vidaver. The wedding took place at 4 p. m., at Mowray's Opera Hall, S. W. cor. Grove and Laguna streets, the spacious Hall being well filled with the relatives and friends of the happy couple. The bride was richly and exquisitely dressed, and was the picture of lovely happiness. The bridesmaids and groomsmen, were Charles Levy and Hattie Levy, A. Haas and Jennie Coleman (of Hollister), Louis Strauss and Martha Strauss, and Harry Coleman and Julia Levy. After the *Chupa*, the guests repaired to an elegant banquet, where speeches were made by the officiating Rabbi, and other friends of the newly-wedded pair. A reception followed, and dancing was kept up until a late hour, when the guests departed, wishing the young couple God-speed on their journey through life. We had intended publishing a description of the ladies dresses, but our representative was so dazzled with the array of beautiful young daughters of Israel, who participated in the joyous festivities, that he neglected to furnish us with the necessary information.

THE PACIFIC LODGE of F. and A. M., attained its majority, Tuesday, 25th inst. and the event was seized upon as a happy incident to enable the members of the Lodge to have a celebration of its twenty-first birthday. Invitations were not confined to brethren of the Mystic Tie, a number of the uninitiated having been among the guests. The exercises commenced with an opening address, by Bro. J. P. Treanor; this was followed by a varied musical selection which was very much enjoyed by the company. At the conclusion of the entertainment, dancing was indulged in until 11:30 p. m., when supper was served by the celebrated caterer, K. Falk. After the demolition of the solids, dancing was resumed, and was continued by the persistent votaries of Terpsichore until 2 a. m., when the guests separated, one and all being unanimous, that an extremely pleasant evening had been spent. It may be mentioned that Pacific Lodge was established in 1859; and at its consecration numbered 33 members, while there are now on the rolls 303. The first-master of the Lodge, W. P. M., Bro. John Wade was present, and in a few remarks expressed his great satisfaction to view the continued prosperity of the Lodge. Among the very obliging committee we noticed Messrs. Sol. Kohlman, Adolphus Hollub, Charles W. Bryant, David A. D'Ancona, W. R. G. Samuels, Abe Neuman, Herman Neubauer, and the very efficient floor manager John T. Cutting. B'nai B'rith Hall never appeared handsomer in its decorations. Flowers in numerous baskets depended at various points of the Hall, and the streamers in graceful folds, were dropped in unique and tasty elegance. Pacific Lodge must be congratulated upon its success.

## Betrothed.

HEIMAN—MORRIS—Mr. Albert L. Heiman to Bella Morris, both of this city.

LAVENSON—GOLDMAN—Mr. Gus Lavenston to Miss Bella Goldman, both of Sacramento, Cal.

## Married.

GOLDSMITH—ABRAMS—In this city, May 23, at the residence of the bride's parents, 909 McAllister street, by Rev. Dr. Elkan Cohn, Edward Goldsmith to Sarah H. Abrams, both of this city.

VAN VLIET—PECKERMAN—In this city, May 23, at the residence of the bride's parents, 211 Seventh street, by Rev. Dr. A. J. Messing, Julius Van Vliet to Bertha Peckerman, both of this city.

MORRIS—LEVY—In this city, May 23, at Mowray's Hall, by Rev. Dr. H. Vidaver, Herman Morris of Visalia, Cal. to Jennie Levy of this city.

APPLICATIONS for tickets to the Arcadian Club Picnic, can be obtained from L. A. New, at E. Mansbach's 26 Kearney street, and I. W. Cahn, 418 Sacramento street.

## RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS.

### EXERCISES.

#### SEPHARITH ISRAEL.

The examination of the Hebrew Religious classes of the Congregation Sefarith Israel, took place in the Synagogue on Saturday and Sunday, the 22d and 23d inst. The children were quite prompt in answering the different questions, and did credit both to themselves and to their teachers. To those scholars who were recommended by the different teachers as being excellent in both deportment and studies during the past year; prizes were given. Medals were only awarded to those scholars who attended both the Hebrew and Religious schools. The following is an incomplete list of those whose diligence secured for them especial notice, and among whom prizes were distributed.

Religious classes: Mr. Solomon's class—Frances Ephraim, Abe Gans, Isidore Phillips. Miss Flora Peiser's class—Medals: Lillie Kalmuk, Rose Seeligson; Prizes: Bertha Peiser, Bertha Marks, Gracie Joseph. Miss Bessie Peiser's class—Medals: Bennie Craner; Prizes: Miss Adeline Ephraim's class—Hattie Hyman, Rose Boukofsky, Julia Badt, Sol. Schwartz, Morris Seidman. Miss Esther Breslau's class—Eddie Michaelson, Ascher Rosenbach. Miss E. Lando's class—Leah Jacobs. Hattie Meyer, Rachel Lichtenstein, Miriam Goldstone, and Sarah Cohen of Messrs. Solomon's and Brown's respective classes, received prizes.

#### BETH ISRAEL.

The examination of the classes of the Religious School attached to the Congregation Beth Israel on Turk street, was begun last Sunday morning. Quite a number of visitors were in attendance. The exercises were opened with a prayer, after which the pupils were interrogated in Biblical history, in which they showed rare proficiency. Then they were examined in the Hebrew branches by Rev. Dr. Messing, who invited the visitors to conduct the same, which invitation was accepted, several gentlemen selecting, at random, a page in the *Tytila* for the children to read. Other gentlemen present participated in the questioning, and all expressed themselves highly pleased at the proficiency exhibited, and warmly congratulated Dr. Messing upon the success of his scholars. Among those whose answers were particularly bright—especially in Hebrew grammar—we noticed Morris Levy, Chas. Lindeman, Eugene Alexander, Harry Cohen, Mary Morris, Bertha Peiser, Bertha Magner and Sarah Clayburgh. Considering the age of the children, their general familiarity with the subjects of examination by the visitors, was something truly remarkable. The staff of teachers engaged in educational work at this school are: Rev. A. J. Messing, Superintendent; Miss Janet Ephraim, Principal; Mr. Davis, First Hebrew class; Misses J. Grosslicht, H. Feder, S. Jacobs and F. Cohen are the efficient Assistants.

#### EMANUEL.

The exercises attendant upon examination at this school will be resumed Saturday morning, and will embrace all the classes. Sunday morning in the Temple, diplomas will be presented to seven confirmees, and prizes to meritorious scholars.

#### A DAY ON THE WATER.

Such a lovely morning! It was last Sunday, we started from the foot of Mission St. Wharf, about thirty-five of us, on the steam tug *Etna*. She blew her whistle at 8:30 a. m., and before we knew it we were passing Goat Island, bound up the bay towards the mouth of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. The party was a jolly one, composed of fifteen ladies and twenty gentlemen. We glided in a lovely calm pass "Mare Island." At the "Three Sisters" we were saluted in response to a whistle from our tug, by the ringing of a bell on the Island. At Vallejo the huge "Solano" was just receiving a freight train to be transferred to the junction. The water on San Pablo Bay was as smooth as we could wish for, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all on board, every one being in the best of humor.

The ladies superintended the table, which, by the way, was spread with all the delicacies of the season, brought by the fair ones. The vivacious Miss L—b, won for herself many encomiums for the manner in which she spread the table for lunch and supper. A great many young lady vocalists were present, prominent among whom I may mention the Misses F—r, Miss L—s, Miss M—s, Miss B—d, Miss L—b, and others. They all favored us with operatic selections, not forgetting "Pinafore."

We landed at the salmon canning establishment of Messrs. Sol. Wangenheim & Co., and all were shown the mysteries of canning and preserving salmon for the market; after about an hour's stay we embarked and proceeded as far as Col-

linsville where W. & Co. have another branch establishment.

The party in groups strolled through the town, which is splendidly located and commands a fine view of the mouth of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, its Mountains and its Valleys.

We bade "adieu" to Collinsville at 3 p. m., and when on San Pablo Bay found the sea a little rough and a few of the ladies somewhat uneasy.

We reached San Francisco a little after 7 p. m., all wishing for an early meeting for similar enjoyment. NEPTUNE.

## Communications.

### CARD PLAYING.

EDITOR JEWISH TIMES:—Your gentle, but merited rebuke on the "Sabbath Evening" question, affords me an opportunity to express my views on that subject. I think it, very reprehensible, that our Friday evenings are so shamefully deserted in this city. Is it absolutely necessary that the Sabbath Eve should be chosen for parties and like amusements, when we have six other nights to choose from? Why not keep this one sacred and devoted to the domestic circle, thus inspiring feelings of harmony and respect, and inculcating religious sentiments? Were these above mentioned gatherings confined to intellectual and moral conversations, they might not be so bitterly condemned; but, sad to say, the allurements exist in the terrible passion of card playing, for the gratification of which, home, children and all family ties are forgotten. What fascination does this vice hold for many of the ladies of our community, that it is practiced to such a shameful extent? Is it the greed of gain? I can think of no better reason, as it is doubtful if afternoons and evenings would otherwise be so uselessly consumed. I have visited houses where ladies would drop in, one by one; and if perchance, they meet strangers in casual conversation, they would deplore the common practice of card-playing in San Francisco. But, argues one, "If I do not play, I am set down as too stingy, and they at once ostracize me from their society." This poor apology furnishes an excuse for all who come within the radius of their influence to indulge, and once initiated, it is difficult to extricate themselves from the dangerous fascination of the game. Many are said to be so perfect in the game, and so dexterous in the manipulation of cards, that they might with propriety affix C. M. to their names, thereby boasting of a degree unknown to their Eastern sisters. Since "Poker" seems the pre-eminent accomplishment of our card-lounging ladies, they will, no doubt, deplore my ignorance in failing to appreciate this, to them, essential and very beneficial knowledge. Reform should be instituted, and the ones to effect this are the husbands, who, if they possess any authority, should exert it in behalf of their children, and the domestic felicity requisite to every household.

Determination is what is needed among those, whose better reason prevails, to eradicate this established and growing propensity for card-playing. Its existence is a blemish that can be easily exterminated by a firm resolution never to take the first step in order to be accommodating and oblige some friends. Those already slavish victims should desist, for when old age creeps on, their children may neglect them for the passion their mothers inspired and encouraged. I trust this feeble remonstrance will not fall on barren ground. YOUNG REFORMER.

EDITOR JEWISH TIMES:—*Shebuoth* and the Confirmation ceremonies are numbered among the things of the past, and may the coming twelve-months bring showers or blessings to all good people. Your readers must be grateful to THE TIMES for the extended and almost minute account it furnished of the Confirmation and other services at the various synagogues, and also for the timely "Suggestions" in your issue of the 14th, as they seem to have worked with wondrous effect. At the Sutter Street Synagogue, where I attended, everything and everybody observed praiseworthy decorum. Thus it should always be. Though wealth, fashion and beauty—poverty and simplicity, worshipped at the same shrine, and the occasion being one inspiring the vast assemblage with one assent—that of devout holiness and piety; though the demeanor of the twenty-three confirmees was so perceptibly natural and unstudied—the solemn import of their thoughts—your correspondent "Veritas," while pleased with the service, is obliged to animadvert upon the terrible strain that the children were subjected to, in going through such a trying ordeal, without anything to eat for two or three long, long weary hours. This, "Veritas" finds as one reason for his animadversion, and yet the young ladies (we mean not the *Communicants*, but the *Confirmees*) looked healthy, and not, a particle the worse for hunger.

"Veritas," animadverts farther. He finds too much of the services rendered in English and not enough in Hebrew. I cannot for the life of me be made to believe that "Veritas" nor 249 out of every 250 present on *Shebuoth* understand more Hebrew than English. He is evidently an admirer of good things, and was sorry he could not applaud the prayer for "Our Country," and the violin solo, which, let me inform him, was a sacred song composed by Kücken, and sung before the sermon, with *Violin obbligato*. I hope "Veritas" will be a fre-

quent attendant at the services at the Temple, and I assure him he will soon banish his prejudices in favor of the ancient ritual. The spirit of the hour is in antagonism to the same. However, the subject cannot be discussed in this letter.

Cantor Wolf was admirable and at his best. The choir of but four voices could not do as well as it did, but for the determined exactness and iron grip of Louis Schmidt, its leader. While the occasion was awe-inspiring, I was reminded that "How beautiful are thy tents O Jacob," but how lamentably empty thy benches, oh, Israel, on other days to numerous mention, and this suggests the inquiry: Could not our ministers create means by which their synagogues might be filled with worshippers or devise attractions other than those at present offered. I would place abiding faith in their eloquence if it were effective or productive of the desired end, and consider the mission of such ministers amply fulfilled. Can it be done? I ponder. EM KAY.

## OUR GIRLS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—A social problem exists in our midst a solution of which would help to elucidate some doubts I have entertained upon the subject, and I am sure would be interesting to your readers.

The problem in one which probably may touch upon some tender points, and the feelings of those interested, but I trust they will not be hurt, at any remarks contained in this communication.

My aim in committing to writing, the thoughts, which have been busily flitting through my brain, lies in the hope and is based upon the wish, that some of our Jewish young men and women will venture to enter into the lists, and by the insertion of their letters in your valuable journal, thoroughly ventilate the subject.

I now come to the question at issue. Why do so many of our Jewish young men withhold themselves from entering into the state of matrimony. This is the problem that has been giving me matter for deep and frequent deliberation. I happened to be present a few evenings ago, when a friend of mine, gave utterance to the following remarks upon the identical subject, which forms the text for this epistle. His remarks were as follows:

He said that he had been very favorably impressed by the fair bevy of Jewish damsels he had seen promenading the principal streets, but whilst admitting their beauty, he was inclined to condemn the extravagant style of dress, and want of taste displayed in the choice of the colors of the various fabrics they wore. Such incongruities could not fail to attract attention from even a casual observer. Surely thought he, the parents of these young ladies must be in excellent prosperity to enable them to indulge their daughters in such gorgeous costumes, but he was surprised upon inquiry to find that such was not the case, and wondered to himself how it was that the fathers and mothers of these young ladies, were so improvident and inexperienced as to allow such expenditure, when their means did not admit of it. It certainly occurred to him, that the conduct of the elders in countenancing this system, was exceedingly reprehensible. He wished he had the opportunity of visiting these young ladies at their homes. Surely said he, judging by the fact, that they may be seen at all hours of the day gadding round the blocks, evidently with only one purpose imaginable—that of seeking admiration. Their household and feminine duties—duties that every woman ought to be skilled in—were palpably neglected. It appeared that the present generation of girls, were in a measure, ashamed to follow in the footsteps of their mothers so far as regards domestic accomplishments. He feared to visit any house, for the simple fact, that nothing but vapid, empty and nonsensical conversation, could be indulged in with the ladies, and which evidently was pleasing to them. It was plain that a young man of talent, possessed of brilliant conversational powers would be nowhere in the race against a so-called society-man. Was it possible to open a discussion upon a subject to please these ladies? That question can be readily replied to. If the visitor can retail glib, engagement items, projected marriages, and any small *Bon Bouche* of scandal, so dear to all the feminines—then he is the welcome one. But commence to talk upon any other subject, you find your companion getting weary, and she soon finds an excuse to leave you for more congenial society. Usually the young ladies' elocutionary powers or musical attainments are brought to the front. As a rule, this is the most trying ordeal, a young man has to go through at an Evening at Home. The recitations are hackneyed, the piano-forte solo, a show piece, and, although compelled by courtesy to return thanks, inwardly he is thankful that the display is over. Finally he argued that these

young maidens looked upon marriage not as the result of a reciprocation of mutual feelings, but as a marketable article. Money was the qualification, and not true worth, or sterling qualities in a man aspiring to enter into the blissful realms of matrimonial life. The chink of the dollars covers a multitude of shortcomings. The feelings of our Jewish girls must, if they are not entirely callous, be touched or excited by the absurd and disgusting custom, at present prevailing among us, of announcing with telephones and trumpets, the fact of their being engaged, when that fortunate event takes place. Surely we can take a lesson from our non-Jewish neighbors in this respect, but as our friend says, these girls like it; they wish to show to their less lucky sisters their good fortune.

In conclusion, we, who were in conclave upon being desired to give our ideas, agreed with the speaker upon most of his argument, but expressed our opinions as follows:

We could not endorse his sweeping assertion that all the young Jewish ladies can be categorized as butterflies of fashion. It was some of our privileges to have the acquaintance of several sweet, modest, unassuming and intellectual ladies in this city with whom it was our pleasure and delight to spend an evening—but unfortunately our Mysogonist chimed in: "How many girls are there in this perfection list of yours?" We were compelled to admit that the number was small. "I thought so!" replied he, but when some of us promised to take him on a visit to the house of one of the ladies, he cooled down and said, if he found he was wrong, he would communicate his opinions to THE JEWISH TIMES next week.

So Mr. Editor, if the ladies or their champions, take exception to the above charges, they must rouse themselves, gird on their defensive armour, and endeavor to refute them.—Respectfully,

HAL.

## Fraternal Societies.

As it is intended to make this column of general interest, communications upon subjects contained therein will be gladly received and impartially treated.

### MASONIC.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

"Faith in God, Hope in Immortality, and Charity to all Mankind."

The idea of FAITH, in the Masonic adaptation of the term, presents to us in a charming manner whereby to accomplish, as well as to attain mundane happiness. Distrust in the dispensations of an ever kind and benignant Providence.

"That will not suffer even a sparrow to fall unheeded to the ground," cannot arise in a person in whom Faith modifies passion and moulds thought. Discontent, envy, malevolence, anger and discord are charmed away from the field where Faith is dominant and ever ready to march in stately form onward and upward. Faith is an armor, in the full panoply of which the individual is all-powerful for good, and invincible for the right. The person, that but a moment before, when deserted by his great mental ally, was ready to give himself up to a victim to deep despair, is startled by a full in his mental laboratory, of so infinitesimally short a duration, that he can only perceive it, and there rushes before his view a new thought: "It is not so bad after all, it might be worse"—and on this scintilla, a new thought is introduced with lightning speed. Comparison follows; new forms appear, and a basis is laid for a single ray of Hope from out of the dark haunts of despair. All this takes place so suddenly and in so incredibly short a time, that it seems as if it were spontaneous. Yet it is not so, an appreciable lapse has occurred, though not felt, for the germination and birth of the first thought and its necessary evolutions.

But this single ray of Hope, by the aid of Faith, again restores the security and courage lost. Faith and Hope, these Heaven-born emissaries again cheer and animate to renewed labor, the over-worked brain and the worn-out frame; weakness is metamorphosed into strength; sleepfulness gives away to wide-awake thoughts and the sanguinary fluid of life again leaps and bounds its course with alacrity and joy in its accustomed channels.

FAITH, earnest and unalloyed, raises us to the highest pinnacles, rests our feet on illimitable space, and permits us to look down upon the world and its doings with an exalted mind and a kindly observation.

FAITH smoothes the rugged path of life, and transforms it into a pleasant, even thoroughfare, with cool arbors, refreshing fountains, shady retreats, and Flora luxuriating in riot and splendor, interspersed with the glorious verdure of the plains. Before us are all Nature's children, their variegated hues gently blending into one happy and harmonious whole.

FAITH enables us to endure without flinching, the wounds inflicted on us by "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and if belligerently inclined, Hopes pictures before us bright success if we only

"Take up arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing, end them."

FAITH will not permit us to disbelieve that which Hope seemingly gives us reason to know; and it requires a combination of startling circumstances to shake or shatter a confidence once fully reposed.

FAITH, born of Hope, is never without that companion; and as Hope exists not without

Faith, that ever pleasant beguiler of Time is ever at its side. These twin ideas, inseparably interwoven with each other, indivisible forever, without whom the gaudiest palace, the noisiest art of work or fancy, the grandest acquisitions were valueless, have brought forth Charity.

HOPE, FAITH AND CHARITY, the great tripartite alliance, are the angels of an ever benignant Deity, that are sent to remove the dark and shrouding veils from pleasant, sunny scenes; and, as a sublime conception, promise an ultimate reward for a well-spent life on earth, in an existence of blissful beatitude in the hereafter.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY, gems of purest water, how dear are they to the Mason! His Faith in the system of Craft, and Masonic faithfulness are the grand reasons why good faith is ever kept by the good Mason. And it cannot be otherwise in a system, based like this—on good Faith. And now CHARITY, the last named, but chiefest among the sisters. CHARITY, the offspring of Love based on Faith and Peace, reared by Hope, may well be called the greatest of Virtues—by it we take from ourselves and add to the welfare of others.

Our conception of the great Architect of the Universe leads us to the worship of this endowment quite naturally, for we say: "God is Love;" and Love is, in its grandest significance, shown and evinced only in the guise of true Charity. Charity is the kin to every good act or noble thought, and these latter, proceeding from the former, are permeated by it. But without the real, true love toward our kind, there can be no Charity. When one heaps treasure upon another for the purposes of gain, that must not be confounded with the subject of our sketch; such an act is only a speculation, on a most uninvested. The old adage: "Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind," bears greater significance when closely scrutinized. It unmistakably declares that the whole-souled, ness with which the recipient's heart is to be cheered, must be brought forth by a corresponding philanthropic throbbing of the heart of the giver. This is Charity regarded by Masons; in this light it has ever been considered the most prominent and characteristic attribute of the true Mason.

It is true that the moral obligation resting upon each individual is the observance of the "Golden Rule," but this obligation is augmented by the new responsibilities voluntarily assumed by even the humblest link in the grand Masonic chain that encircles the whole civilized world.

We observe with pain that the most thorough use of human experience, even when coupled with profound understanding, is inadequate to ward off the vicissitudes, the sorrows, mortifications and stings of our lives; we also observe that the good are often made the victims of oppression, deceit and high-handed outrage and wrong, and at the same time we feel and know our inability to thoroughly emancipate our fellow-creatures from these undesired sufferings.

Our hearts swell with indignation as we observe in our wanderings through the trackless wilds of a money-grabbing and conscience-deriding world, that in most cases, friendship—oh, how base a use is here made of this celestial word—is a shadow, which follows and clings to wealth and station like a parasite, and when these are gone, like the long-forgotten leech falls off from its victim.

We observe that various incumbents of stations of honor and emolument have sold honor for a price, and their constituents for advancement, have bartered away their integrity and self-esteem at a price which "Poor Richard" would call "paying too dear for his whistle." In the face of these truths, it is to be wondered at that Masonry teaches as the noblest office of man the practice of Charity? That it places this virtue in the foremost rank? We know of "fraters who say that Charity is nobler, more generous, and more God-like than any of the other virtues enumerated in the catalogue—religious or moral, sacred or profane.

The choicest benefits showered on mankind, owe their origin and effect solely to the exalted practice of this heavenly virtue.

"And now abide FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY, these three, but the greatest of these is CHARITY."

S. F., May 22, 1880. MARTIN S. MEYER

### I. O. B'nai B'rith.

COURT OF APPEALS.

The Court of Appeals of this Order (the highest appellate authority), will convene in July next at Saratoga, N. Y., to hear oral arguments upon some of the appeals under consideration. We have made arrangements to procure its decisions for publication.

### Foot Wear.

The matter of obtaining durable boots and shoes, is of as much concern to the consumer as the purchase of even the commodities of life, and when durability and economy combine for his benefit, then are his desires fulfilled. At the establishment of the Messrs. Lesser, 929 Market street, the consumer can obtain any description of boots and shoes, of both home and foreign manufacture, and from the very large assortment of goods in their stock, the most fastidious can be pleased. Messrs. Lesser have stores in various sections of the city, and by a system of square, honest dealing with patrons, they have been rewarded with large success. Their new Market street store having been opened in obedience to the demand of their down-town patrons. Purchasers are cordially invited to call and compare.

### IS THERE STRENGTH IN UNION?

The motto of one of our fairest sisters of our family of States, and the text of Norris' patriotic song, "The Flag of Our Union," is "United we stand, divided we fall." This axiom has passed into a by-word, and in the past its significance was appreciated by patriot soldier and poet; for as early as 1763 Dickinson's "Liberty Song" contained the words, "By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall." And it was felt in the desperate struggle for independence by the colonies, that, without a unity of purpose, sentiment and action, the boon of liberty, for which they

were battling would never have rewarded their efforts or blessed their posterity. The benefit of such trite advice, in any contest in which numbers or physical force is requisite to overcome opposing obstacles, cannot be doubted; but whether it is equally effective in the ordinary transactions of business life, is a question so well worthy of consideration that the citing of the following incident of commercial success, single-handed and alone, may serve to illustrate its fallibility. Some four years ago three young men of this city started in business, selecting as their line of trade that of dry goods, which, at all times, is more or less hazardous, as it constantly involves a heavy outlay of capital, with at best a small remuneration. Within two years two of the partners withdrew, leaving the third alone to continue the business to what they feared was certain bankruptcy. But where united they fell; divided, the one succeeded, and to-day there is no more prosperous or better appointed institution in the city than the Union Dry Goods Store, Nos. 27 and 29 Fifth street, under the Metropolitan Temple. The proprietor, A. Nathan, gives the business his personal supervision, and by his thorough knowledge of the wants of this community, his integrity and urbanity, has won his way to the front of the commercial ranks of this city. His good friends from the Union Dry Goods Store, Nos. 27 and 29 Fifth street, under the Metropolitan Temple. The proprietor, A. Nathan, gives the business his personal supervision, and by his thorough knowledge of the wants of this community, his integrity and urbanity, has won his way to the front of the commercial ranks of this city. His good friends from the Union Dry Goods Store, Nos. 27 and 29 Fifth street, under the Metropolitan Temple. The proprietor, A. 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## The Jewish Times

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

San Francisco, Friday, May 28, 1880.

## SONG OF THE MOTHER ELEPHANT.

Let me hold you in my trunk,  
Baby mine, baby mine,  
For with happiness I'm drunk,  
Baby mine;  
And I feel that up to date  
No mammiferous vertebrate  
Ever reached my blissful state,  
Baby mine,  
I behold in you the germ,  
Baby mine, baby mine,  
Of a noble pachyderm,  
Baby mine.  
For you are sweeter than a yam,  
And as pretty as a lamb—  
Most as pretty as I am,  
Baby mine!  
And your elephantine ways,  
Baby mine, baby mine,  
Will be watched in deep amazement,  
Baby mine;  
And they wouldn't sell you now  
For your weight in gold, I trow,  
No popsy-wopsy-wow,  
Baby mine!  
You have knocked the last pretence,  
Baby mine, baby mine,  
Out of scientific gents,  
Baby mine, baby mine;  
Who presume to say what can't  
And what can be done—or shant—  
By a female elephant,  
Baby mine.

## One Glass More.

A man with a strange, gaunt figure, and a bloated face and bleared eyes; a man whose toes were through his shoes, whose knees and elbows showed their bones at the gaping windows of garments dropping from him as tinder drops; a man with a hat that was crushed into a thousand seams, and had the mark of a myri foot upon it; a man who had lain in gutters and slept in station-houses; a man debased and degraded as only drink debases and degrades, yet, for all that, one to whom, having glanced once, you would turn to gaze again, wondering how he came to such a pass; for, under it all, lay the sad wreck of a gentleman. God alone knows how it lives through such debasement, as it sometimes does, to be the bitterest warning of all the many warnings written on the fallen wretch from head to foot, for those to read who follow after him.

There he stood, such as he had made himself, the light of the street lamp falling over him, eyeing the pedestrians as they hurried by homeward bound, or turning their steps toward scenes of pleasure. Men in comfortable garments. People in fine attire. No one of all the crowd in such a plight as he. No one.

At last, having watched hundreds of strangers pass, he noted one, a rosy, portly, middle-aged man, fresh from his club-dinner, perhaps, content with himself and with the world; a cigar between his lips. Why he hardly knew himself, but to this man of all the crowd he addressed himself—touching him lightly on the arm with his skeleton finger:

"Will you give me something to get a drink with?" he said. "There's some red-hot stuff to be had down yonder for five cents, and I haven't that to get it with."

The gentleman turned.  
"Haven't you had enough of that sort of thing?" he said. "Why didn't you ask me for money for bread, and make it easier to my conscience to help you?"

But his hand went into his pocket.  
"Because when I gave to beggars, and did not beg from others," said the man, "I hated a liar. Rum is what I shall buy with what you give me. You'd know it, whatever lie I told. Its too late for any one to have a conscience about me."

The gentleman paused again, with his hand full of small coin he had gathered from his vest pocket.

"I'm not a philanthropist, or anything of that sort," he said. "Generally I don't bother myself much about people, I'm afraid; but do you know, I'd like to do something for you. You're a young man yet. Can't I help you to a better way? Come aside with me—down this dark street. This is too public a place for any talk."

"I've hardly had a decent word spoken to me for years," said the beggar. "God bless you for these, but the curse is on me. I'll tell you my story, and you'll see it is. I was a doctor once—a man of education and good family—and I married a girl a king might have been proud of—the sweetest, prettiest soul, good and loving—and I was the apple of her eye. We were happy as angels in heaven; but I was not rich, and after I had struggled hard in my profession for several years, I felt a little dispirited, and the gold fever being upon all Americans just then, I made up my mind to go to California, hoping to make my fortune, as some had done, and as all hoped to. But when I had quite decided to do this the great trouble came. Lilly would not part from me. I might go to California, if I chose, she said, but she would go with me."

"It was no life for a woman, that which I intended to lead. Those among whom I would dwell were no companions for her; but she was so persistent, and such a brave little thing—not a fear nor a mis-giving in her heart—that after a while I yielded. I took my little girl with me to that wild place, and there I built a little home—such a poor little place for one who had had every comfort until now—rough even for a rough man. Oh, it was cruel of me; I know it now. But I comforted myself with the thought of the luxury that would surround her when her fortune was made."

"Of course, I tried my luck in the mines, but I also hung out my doctor's shingle; and when I was away, Lilly, under my advice, could prescribe almost as well as I for the low fever that was the curse of the place."

"She sold quinine for grains of gold dust and tiny scraps of gold, and we could have lived even if I had had no luck in the mines. But before long—before many months—I had luck—a strange sort of gambler's luck; I struck a vein of gold that yielded as few veins do. It was like a story in the Arabian Nights. I hid my good fortune from others, and made a poor mouth and complained, and every night I hid a little fortune under the floor of our cabin. There were desperate men about, and no one who had anything to lose was safe from robbers. Nobody would trouble the poor doctor, whose luck was supposed to be so bad that his name was a proverb in the mines. And, indeed, men who felt elated over their little funds, that were nothing to what I gathered in an hour, offered me many a kindness. I had warned Lilly never to allow a word to escape her lips, and as soon as I had all my little claim would yield, I had planned to declare myself discouraged, and take my way home. Subterfuge was necessary. I could not have counted on my life a night had it been known that I had a fortune beneath my cabin floor."

"I counted that I was worth three hundred thousand dollars at the rate at which I could sell my gold at last. I knew I was not far off the mark, and we were going home at last. Not too soon, for my health was breaking down, and Lilly was not very well. To keep off the fever, I drank a good deal, never too much as yet; never but once. I had found my gauge then—one glass more made me a sort of madman—a gibbering, babbling thing. I go mad as I think of it, but it is nearly told. We were to get away from that dangerous place as quietly as we could the next day, and at dusk I went down to the rough tavern to bid my friends good by. They would all be there, I knew. I did it. I made my white about ill luck; I drank with them; but a man in misfortune is not expected to be jolly, and I would have gone home as sober as I came but for a rough fellow, whom I had never seen but once, but who professed great friendship for me."

"You shan't go without one more glass," he cried, with an oath. "I've taken a fancy to you—I have! Drink this, and better luck in future; and he set a steaming glass before me. Not to have tasted it would have been to quarrel with him; and who cares to quarrel needlessly with a man with pistols at his belt and a bowie-knife up his back? I took the glass; I meant just to put my lips to it—Satan made me swallow it. It was of treble strength. In a moment I was staggering about, boasting how I had deceived them all—raving, mixing truth with nonsense, yet trying all the while to sober myself. Then there was nothing but a black void, and then some one was drenching me with water. I was myself again, at least to a degree. I sat up upon the floor and cried out, I remember:

"What are you doing that for?" and I saw my best friend, a sturdy, true-hearted Western man, standing, white as a ghost, before me.  
"Sober yourself, man," he said. "Why was I not here before you played the madman? They tell me you've been boasting before Black Ned of a secret hoard of gold in your house. Told where it was, and what it was worth. Whether it was drunken drivelling or the truth, up with you, and let us do what we can, with you and Jack here; for Black Ned has gone out at that door, and it is like him to have gone straight to your shanty."

"I was sober then. Horror sobered me. I, like all other men, had arms. I looked to them, and we started together down the rocky road, black as pitch, for the night was turning stormy, and I had no hope in my heart, for I knew what Black Ned was. As we neared my home—a poor, lonely little home, where I had left my girl-wife alone while I drank at the tavern, I saw the light shining from the window and from the door—the door that stood open. We had run all the way—we flew now. Oh, Heaven help me, it did no good! Nothing could do any good now. I stood at the low door and looked in—the others staring over my shoulders—and I saw the floor torn up, and the spot where my treasure had been hidden empty, and across it, weltering in her blood, my greater treasure, my life, my soul, my Lilly, foully murdered."

"I knew she was dead before I touched her; but I lifted her in my arms and tried to kiss the life back, and when I saw it would never be kissed back, I thought to rid me of my own. I put a pistol to my head and shot myself. It should have killed me, but it did not; and after lying ill and delirious for a year, I took the curse of my life upon me again. I've been drinking, drinking, drinking ever since, and I must drink on; for whenever I've been sober for a while, I see that picture again—the little shanty with its door open, the planks torn up, the treasure gone, and Lilly lying over the empty space, murdered! And I know I murdered her. I—for Heaven's sake, if you pity me, give me enough to buy the drink that blots out the memory of that one glass more! You can't do anything else for me, sir. God bless you."

He took the silver that dropped into his hand, and was gone. Later on, in a low drinking saloon, the tipsy idlers were startled by the news that a man who had been sitting with his face upon his arms for an hour or so, was dead. It was the man who had that night told his piteous story.

A PHILADELPHIA paper cannot understand, how a young lady can consistently attend a meeting of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals wearing a stuffed bird in her hat.

A WASHINGTON paper remarks: "Some of our slow subscribers, who may not find their paper in the mail, can understand that its absence is due to their unremitting kindness."

Why is a sick man like a raw hide? He has to be cured to be saved.

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## To Parents in the Country.

A well-known teacher can accommodate several boys as boarders. The best of home care and supervision will be given, and an opportunity to acquire a knowledge of the French and German languages. This is an excellent opportunity for parents who wish their children to attend the San Francisco schools. Terms moderate. References given. Address: J. LONDON, 705 Larkin street, San Francisco.

## Artistic Flower Work.

Garments of DECEASED FRIENDS arranged into funeral designs, and all kinds of  
**HAIR AND WAX WORK**  
Flowers made to order at the shortest notice, by  
MRS. GERALD HOWATT,  
1024 Market St., near Mason.

## Spanish Lessons.

Best Spanish teaching for ladies and gentlemen. Private lessons and classes. Letters written and translations made. Terms moderate.

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OFFICE, 20 Montgomery St.

## ESTABLISHED 1852.

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## TO THE LADIES!

To save trouble by having DRESS MADE OR LILY FITTING dresses, go to  
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Cutting and fitting a specialty. Patterns cut to measure.

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FIFTEEN YEARS PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE  
In this city enables me to guarantee stylish fit and first-class work at moderate prices.  
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THE FINEST HATS AT THE LOWEST PRICES.  
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## TO THE PUBLIC.

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WHO WAS FOR MANY YEARS IN THE Millinery Business in San Francisco; has re-established herself at 709 MARKET STREET, (Paris Millinery) and 133 KEARNY STREET (the Bon Ton), where she will be pleased to receive the patronage of her friends, former customers and the public in general.

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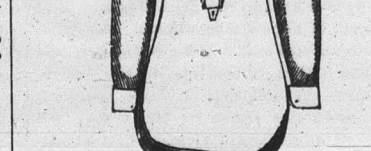
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